

FRONTLINE



NO. 3
FEB



200
275
CANADA

COMBAT

WOW!
LOOK AT THE
BARRAGE THE
ARTILLERY IS
LAYING DOWN!

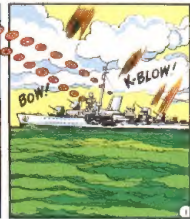
ARTILLERY
MY FOOT!
IT'S THE
BIG MO!



KOREA! FIVE INCH SHELLS ARE SLAMMING INTO KOREAN GROUND JUST NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL! FIVE INCH SHELLS TEARING OVER THE HEADS OF THE UNITED NATIONS TROOPS AND SLAMMING INTO THE CHINESE POSITIONS...FIVE INCH SHELLS BEING SPIT FROM A ...



AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A TIN CAN IS, FOLLOW THE SOUND BACK PAST THE U.N. SOLDIERS WHO HAVE WORK TO DO! DON'T PAUSE! FOLLOW IT RIGHT OUT TO SEA! FOR THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND IT... THERE IT IS... A TIN CAN!



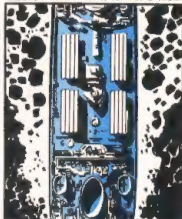
LOOK HER OVER, DEAR READER! HAS THE NICK-NAME THAT HER SAILORS HAVE AFFECTIONATELY DUBBED HER. FOOLED YOU? FOR THIS IS, BY NO LONG STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, A TIN CAN! THIS IS THE GREYHOUND OF THE SEAS... THIS IS THE SHARK OF THE FLEET... THIS IS A KILLER SHIP... A **NAVY DESTROYER!**



WATCH HER COME! LOOK AT HER KNIFE-EDGED PROW CUTTING THROUGH THE WATER! NOW, GET OUT OF THE WAY!

MOVE UP A BIT AND LET HER PASS UNDER SO THAT YOU CAN SEE HER DECK, PACKED WITH TORPEDO TUBES!

NOW, GET CLOSE TO THE GUN TURRETS SWINGING ON THEIR BARBETTES! SEE THE SLEEK 5 INCHERS, FIRE AND RECOIL...



AND LIKE AN ANIMAL DROPPING WASTE, HOT SHELL CASINGS TUMBLE FROM BENEATH THE SHIELDS...

...TUMBLE TO THE STEEL PLATES WITH A CLANG THAT ECHOES ALONG THE DECK AND RE-ECHOES...

...IN THE COMPARTMENTS BELOW!





AND SO, THE ACTION IS OVER...AND, THE CREW OF OUR 'TIN CAN' RELAXES! SOME GO BACK TO SEA DETAILS...



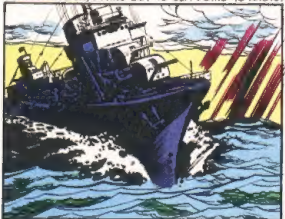
...OTHERS GO BACK TO THEIR FORE-CASTLE TO FINISH OUT AN INTERRUPTED HAND OF BLACK JACK...



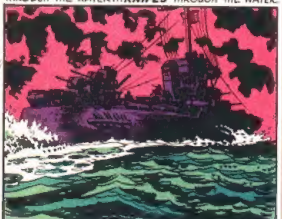
...AND OUR HERO, SEAMAN 2/C EDDIE YEARLING, GOES BACK TO HIS SPECIAL DETAIL AS CAPTAIN OF THE HEAD!



EVERY MAN IS IN PLACE... ALL IS WELL! OUR GREY LADY TURNS HER GRACEFUL PROW AND, UNDER A FULL HEAD OF STEAM, PURRS OUT TO SEA DOING 40 KNOTS!



A DESTROYER DOES NOT FITCH AND BUCK OVER THE WATER LIKE AN ORDINARY BOAT! A DESTROYER SLIDES THROUGH THE WATER...**KNIFES** THROUGH THE WATER.



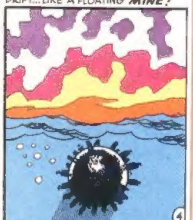
A DESTROYER CLEAVES THE WATER LIKE AN ARROW. CLEAVES THE AIR, AND THE SEA IS A ROLLING HIGHWAY!



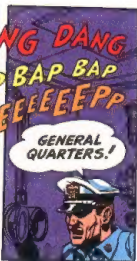
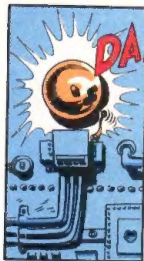
BUT UNLIKE A HIGHWAY, THE SEA IS DEEP AND MYSTERIOUS! MANY THINGS MOVE BENEATH ITS SURFACE!



SOME OF THE THINGS SWIM... LIKE FISHES OR SHARKS! OTHER THINGS DRIFT... LIKE A FLOATING **MINE!**

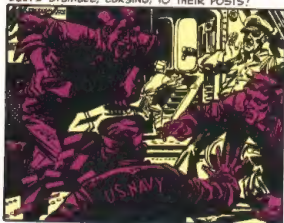






GENERAL QUARTERS! IN AN INSTANT, THE SHIP HAS EXPLODED INTO ACTIVITY! MEN BUCKLING ON LIFE BELTS STUMBLE, CURSING, TO THEIR POSTS!

UP FORWARD, SEAMAN 2/C YEARLING STRUGGLES IN VAIN TO SHUT THE SPRUNG HATCH OF A FAST FLOODING STORAGE LOCKER JUST FORWARD OF THE HEAD!



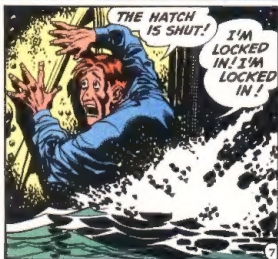
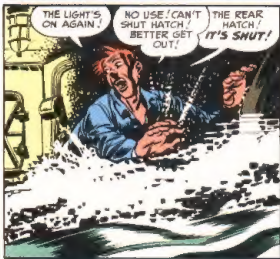
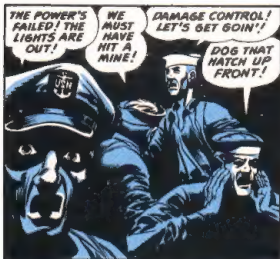
DOWN IN THE HOWLING ENGINE ROOM, A BROKEN FUEL LINE BLEEDS OIL AND POWER!

SOON THE GENERATOR'S SLOW...THE BLOWERS RELAX, AND THE LIGHTS BURN DIMMER...

...AND DIMMER...

...AND OUT!







IT'S LIKE YOU SAID, SEAMAN Z/C EDWARD YEARLING! YOU'RE JUST A SMALL PART OF A LARGE OPERATION!

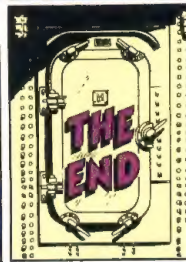
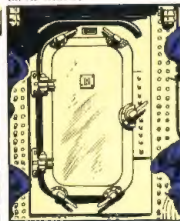
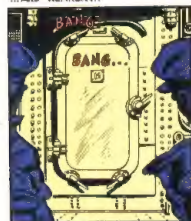
EVERY MAN COUNTS ON THE BIG JOB, BUT NO MAN IS **BIGGER** THAN THE JOB, SEAMAN YEARLING!

THE WATER RUSHES THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE STORAGE ROOM, FILLING THE HEAD! THE BANGING GROWS WEAKER.



...AND WEAKER...

...AND STOPS!



THIS STORY IS TRUE! IN 1941, THE BRITISH WERE MAKING HASH OF MUSSOLINI'S TROOPS IN AFRICA! THAT YEAR, ADOLF HITLER SENT AN ARMORED DIVISION THAT CHASED THE BRITISH BACK TO TOBRUK! AT THE HEAD OF THE SPEEDING PANZER COLUMNS RODE THE FINEST GENERAL TO COME OUT OF GERMANY! HE WAS CALLED, THE ...

DESERT FOX!



ROMMEL! GENERALEUTNANT OF THE GERMAN TROOPS IN LIBYA! DRIVING INTO THE THICK OF BATTLE AHEAD OF HIS MEN!

ROMMEL! PUNCHING ACROSS LIBYA WITH ENDLESS ENERGY, NEVER GIVING THE BRITISH A CHANCE TO STOP AND REGROUP!

ROMMEL! HITLER'S GENERAL IN THE SUN, DRIVING ON TO TOBRUK... TO EGYPT... TO THE SUEZ CANAL!



IN NOVEMBER OF 1941, ROMMEL, DRIVING HIS FAVORITE CAPTURED BRITISH ARMORED TRUCK DROVE UP TO A FIELD HOSPITAL IN LIBYA, WELL AHEAD OF HIS TROOPS!



BOH! GENERAL THE TROOPS HERE ARE WELL MIXED, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES! AN EXTRAORDINARY AMOUNT OF BRITISH SOLDIERS HERE! I WONDER



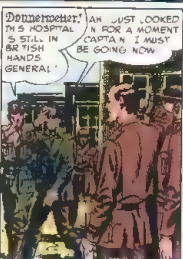
Im Gotteswillen! es ist unser General Rommel hier im Englischen Hospital!

AN GENTLEMEN YOU'VE COME FROM OUR POLISH CONTINGENT TO INSPECT THE HOSPITAL?



Donnerwetter! THIS HOSPITAL IS STILL IN BRITISH HANDS, GENERAL!

AN JUST LOOKED IN FOR A MOMENT CAPTAIN I MUST BE GOING NOW



JUDGE! A BRITISH HOSPITAL WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRITISH ARMY, GENERAL.

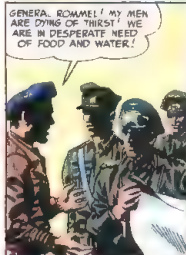
HA HA I THINK WE SHOULD LEAVE WHEN THE BRITISH FIND OUT I HAVE BEEN IN AND OUT OF THEIR HOSPITAL THEY WILL THROW A FIT!



MEANWHILE IN POLAND TEN HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS KNELT BY A PITY WHILE A GERMAN OFFICER PASSED BEHIND AND SHOT THEM IN THE HEAD WITH A RIFLE FOR PUTTING UP ANTI NAZI POSTERS.



BY THE END OF 1941 THE BRITISH FINALLY HAD WRECKED ROMMEL'S ARMY. BUT IN JANUARY OF 42 ROMMEL CHARGED BACK OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND AGAIN CHASED THE BRITISH.

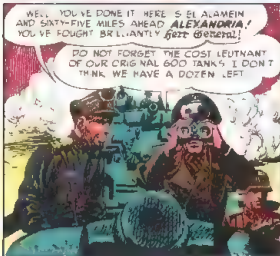


IN JUNE OF 1942 ROMMEL WHIPPED HIS EXHAUSTED ARMY ALONG THE AFRICAN COAST ON THE ROAD TO TOBRUK AT LAST THE SUEZ CANAL WAS IN SIGHT



GENERAL ROMMEL 'WE ARE BADLY OUTNUMBERED OUR WHOLE FORCE HAS BEEN WHITTLED DOWN DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD PAUSE FOR A BREATH?

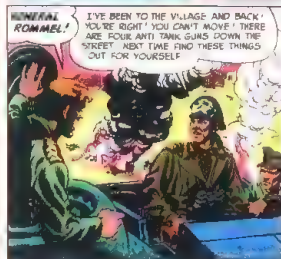
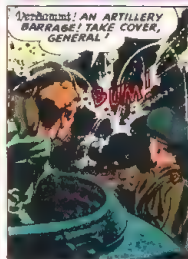
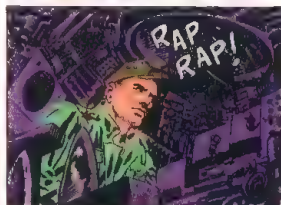
'TIDILWE HAVE THE BRITISH ON THE RUN AND WE SHALL GO RIGHT ON TO EL ALAMEIN!



MEANWHILE IN FRANCE IN REPRISAL FOR THE KILLING OF ONE GERMAN OFFICER A WHOLE VILLAGE MEN BOYS WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SHOT IN WOODEN BUILDINGS AND ROASTED ALIVE!



IN 1943, ROMMEL WAS IN TROUBLE! THE ALLIES HAD OVER-
WHELMED HIM AND HITLER WAS MAD AT HIM BECAUSE HE HAD
RETREATED! EVEN BACKED TO THE WALL, ROMMEL LASHED OUT
AND SENT GREEN AMERICAN FORCES REELING BACK



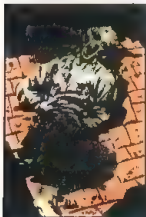
LOOK HERE! A COLLEGE PROFESSOR! AN ANTI-NAZI INTELLECTUAL. **BEHEADED!**



ANOTHER SUSPECT! SHOT BUT NOT QUITE DEAD! HE WAS PUT IN A PIT AND **BURIED ALIVE!**



A WORKER WHO HID HIS TOOLS HIS EYES BURNED OUT! THIS MAN WAS **TORTURED TO DEATH!**



AND HERE THIS MAN WAS A MAYOR HELD AS A HOSTAGE. **DROWNED!**



AN OLD MAN PUSHED INTO A GASOLINE SOAKED BUILDING AND THEN **BURNED ALIVE!**



ANOTHER JEW THIS MAN WAS USED IN A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT AND **FROZEN TO DEATH!**



LOOK A JEW THIS MAN WAS PUT ON A METHODOICAL PROGRAM OF **STARVATION!**



AN ELDERLY PRIEST HE SPOKE OUT AGAINST THE NAZIS AND GOT THE **FIRING SQUAD!**



DOES THIS RING A BELL? AN AMERICAN G.I. PRISONER OF WAR AT MALMEDY. **MURDERED!**



HERE! A YOUNG MAN WITH A BROKEN NECK SUSPECTED OF BEING A PARTISAN. **HUNG!**



A WOMAN AND HER CHILD HERDED WITH OTHERS INTO A CHURCH AND THEN **BLOWN UP!**



ENOUGH? IS THAT ENOUGH? IF WE WANTED TO SHOW EACH AND EVERY CORPSE THAT THE NAZI REGIME WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR I WOULD TAKE 4 MILLION MORE PAGES AND YOU COULDN'T READ THEM IN A LIFETIME!

THE NAZI REGIME WAS THE SAME OUTFIT GENERAL ERWIN ROMMEL WAS WORKING FOR AND LIKE AN INFECTIOUS SORE THE NAZI REGIME'S POISON WAS BOUND TO TOUCH HIM IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

IN 1944 A GROUP OF GERMAN GENERALS TRIED TO BLOW UP HITLER. AND IN 1944 ROMMEL WAS HOME RECOVERING FROM A WOUND RECEIVED IN A STRAFING ATTACK. IT WAS SUSPECTED THAT ROMMEL WAS MIXED UP IN THE HITLER MURDER PLOT.



GENERAL ROMMEL WE HAVE ORDERS FROM THE FUHRER FOR YOU TO ACCOMPANY US TO BERLIN BY CAR

I MIGHT ADD THAT THE STREETS ARE SURROUNDED BY S.S. AND GESTAPO MEN



THE FUHRER HAS BEEN VERY KIND GENERAL! HE HAS GIVEN YOU THE CHOICE OF BEING TRIED BY THE PEOPLE'S COURT IN BERLIN OR TAKING **THIS!**



POISON!



GENTLEMEN! WOULD YOU LEAVE ME ALONE IN THE AUTO FOR A MOMENT



FIFTEEN MINUTES I THINK THAT DOES IT

Ja!



HE HAS TAKEN THE POISON

But! HE'S DEAD



STRAIGHTEN HIS CAP! WE WILL TAKE HIM BACK



AT 00.00 CLOCK ON OCTOBER 30! ROMMEL JOINED THE ARMY OF DEAD MEN MARCHING ACROSS EUROPE THE NEXT DAY GERMANY WAS TOLD THAT THEIR HERO HAD DIED OF A BRAIN MEMORRHAGE! ON OCT 18 ROMMEL WAS GIVEN A TREMENDOUS MILITARY HERO'S FUNERAL! HIS BODY WAS QUICKLY CARRIED TO THE CREMATORIUM WHERE IT WAS BURNED. POISON AND ALL TO WHISPY CRUMBLY BLACK ASHES!

THE BRIDGE



Corporal Hannibal Meers stood at the approach to the bridge that spanned the little Korean river, watching the battle-weary U.N. troops making an orderly withdrawal. He spat into the yellow clay and made a circular motion with the heel of his shoe as if to grind the spittle into the dry dust.

Meers considered himself an authority on military strategy. Ever since he was old enough to read a book, he had absorbed the accounts of all the battles recorded in history. He had studied the tactics of Tamerlane, Marcellus, Alexander the Great, Caesar's glorious Roman legions and Napoleon.

As he watched the retreating units rumble across the bridge, he thought what child's play modern warfare had become. Gone was the romantic era when Hussars rode down fierce Cossacks; when man was pitted against man, mace against spiked maul! Gone was the era fabled in song and story when one brave man stood his ground on the battlefield and hacked fifty of the enemy with his double-edged broadsword. A mound of dismembered bodies was grim evidence that such a born soldier had distinguished himself in battle!

But this was a dull, half-hearted war in which Meers was engaged! It was as though the top brass were expecting to hear of peace negotiations at any moment. In the past few centuries, poor bewildered men had gone to war with the belief that "this was the war to end all wars"! When would man learn that war was his natural element? An antidote to the over-population of the world!

Peace was merely the time of inactivity between wars! Peace was nothing! Peace was marked time! Peace was the lull! War, the

storm!! These were the twisted thoughts of Corporal Hannibal Meers!

Now the last of the units was crossing the bridge. The communist forces were no more than a mile away. The bridge would have to be destroyed to delay them! Meers was grasped by a sudden romantic obsession. Why couldn't he remain behind and cut a path to immortal glory with his B.A.R. while the rest fled? He thought of Horatius, the hero of ancient Rome, who defended the Sublician Bridge on the Etruscan side . . . keeping the enemy at bay until the Romans behind him destroyed the bridge. Horatius was acclaimed a national hero for his bold deed, and a statue of him was placed in the Comitium!

Why shouldn't history repeat itself? Meers fancied himself as the very incarnation of Horatius. The communist soldiers were bearing down on the bridge now! Soon they came within range and Meers opened fire with his automatic rifle. The first wave faltered and fell! The second wave came rushing into Meers' barrage and by the time the third wave had pressed onward, Meers had performed an amazing delaying action!

Just as a tremendous explosion ripped the bridge off its pilings, a lone enemy burp gun shell blasted through Meers' chest.

It was then that the spirit of Horatius ebbed from his lifeless body. Corporal Meers and Horatius were both heroes but the difference was that Horatius jumped off the bridge and swam to the safety of the opposite shore when the press of the foe became too great!

Horatius' delaying action centuries ago had been a success! At least he LIVED to tell about it!

IT WAS A YEAR AGO! THE WAR HAD JUST EXPLODED IN KOREA... AND BEFORE WE KNEW IT, WE'D BEEN PLUCKED FROM JAPAN AND THROWN INTO THE SAGGING FRONT ABOVE PUSAN! THE NORTH KOREANS HIT US, SURROUNDED US, SWARMED ALL OVER US! WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! BY JULY I WAS A

PRISONER *of* WAR!



FIRST THING, THEY TOOK OUR WRIST WATCHES, CIGARETTE LIGHTERS, FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC!

FUNNY! HERE THESE GUYS WERE RUNNING AROUND HATING OUR DEMOCRACY.

... BUT THEY WERE SURE QUICK TO GRAB THEM 'CAPITALIST WRIST WATCHES

THEN WE HEARD THAT WORD THAT WE'D HEAR MANY MANY MORE TIMES! I MEANT 'GET GOING'





I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING JUST

THINK THEY'LL KILL US?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT

HABE! HABE!



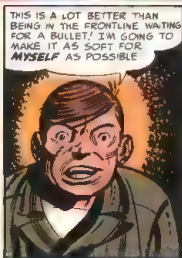
ONE THING'S FOR SURE! WE'RE HEADING NORTH

WE'D BETTER GET TO AN AID STATION QUICK! SOME MEN UP FRONT ARE WOUNDED

MY FEET ARE BEGINNING TO KILL ME



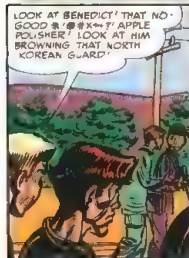
AHH! YOU EIGHTBALLS DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WELL OFF! THE WAR'S OVER FOR US! WE'RE **SAFE** NOW!



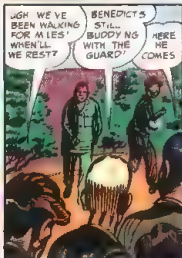
THIS IS A LOT BETTER THAN BEING IN THE FRONTLINE WAITING FOR A BULLET! I'M GOING TO MAKE IT AS SOFT FOR MYSELF AS POSSIBLE



HEY SOLDIER! KIMI NIHONGO HANASERU KA? I'VE GOT AMERICAN CIGARETTES! TABAKO! YOU CAN HAVE THEM. KORE WA KIMI NO DA



LOOK AT BENEDICT! THAT NO-GOOD **APPLE POLISHER!** LOOK AT HIM BROWNING THAT NORTH KOREAN GUARD!



UGH WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR MILES WHEN'LL WE REST?

BENEDICT'S STILL BUDDY'NG WITH THE GUARD! HERE HE COMES



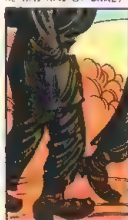
HEY, BENEDICT! HOW'S YOUR BUDDY, 'HABE JOE?' ALL RIGHT, WISE GUYS. FROM NOW ON I'M IN CHARGE HERE NOW PICK UP THEM FEET AND GET MOVING!

IT'S A SPOT LIKE THIS THAT BRINGS OUT THE BEST AND THE WORST IN PEOPLE

THE WORST SURE CAME OUT IN BENEDICT I GUESS HE WAS KIND OF CRAZY

TRYING TO BUDDY UP LIKE THAT AND SO WE MARCHED IN THE HOT KOREAN SUN

WE MARCHED TAKING TURNS IN HELPING THE WOUNDED THAT WAS THE TOUGH PART



OF COURSE WE STOPPED AT NIGHT TO SLEEP BUT WE WERE UP EARLY AND OFF WE'D GO

AND SO THE DAYS STRETCHED INTO WEEKS AND WE WERE GETTING SICK AND WEAK

THEY'D FEED US SOGGY RICE BALLS DYSENTERY WAS SPREADING NO WE LOST A MAN A DAY

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON



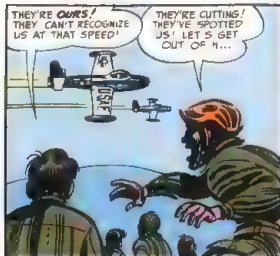
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GET TO SEOUL ANY DAY NOW I DON'T THINK MANY OF US LL MAKE IT

L STEN THIS CAN'T GO ON WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BUG OUT TAKE OFF

I'M WITH YOU GUYS. WE CAN SH SH HERE COMES BENEDICT

HE'D PROBABLY REPORT US TO HIS PAL, HABE JOE FOR AN EXTRA RATION OF WORMY FISH... THAT MEALY MOUTHED

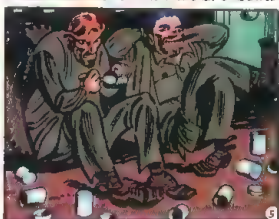
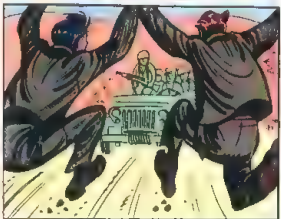
...JETS!





WELL FROM THERE ON IN IT WAS ALL DOWN HILL. THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES HAD BEEN CLOSE BEHIND US ALL THE TIME. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SIGHT OF THEM. IT'S

OUR FIRST HEAVY MEAL WAS C-RATIONS BUT IT WAS AS GOOD AS PRESSED DUCK UNDER GLASS. ALL WE HAD TO LOOK FORWARD TO NOW WAS A TRIP BACK TO THE STATES.

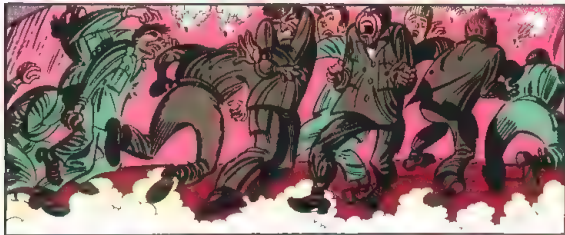


WE HEARD ABOUT THE FATE OF OUR FELLOW PRISONER'S
SOME WEEKS LATER! IT SEEMS THEY WERE PUT ON GONDOLAS
HEADED TOWARD MANCHURIA! ONE MORNING THE TRAIN STOPPED!

THE PRISONERS, WHO WERE STARVING BY NOW, WERE
PROMISED HOT RICE. THEY WERE LED AWAY IN GROUPS, AND
WHEN THE FIRST GROUP GOT OUT OF SIGHT OF THE TRAIN



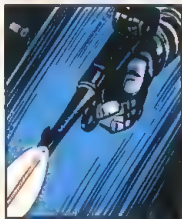
...THEY WERE CUT DOWN WITH MACHINE GUNS!



THE WAY I HEARD IT FROM ONE OF THE
GUYS WHO PLAYED DEAD **BENEDICT**
WAS IN ONE OF THOSE GROUPS!

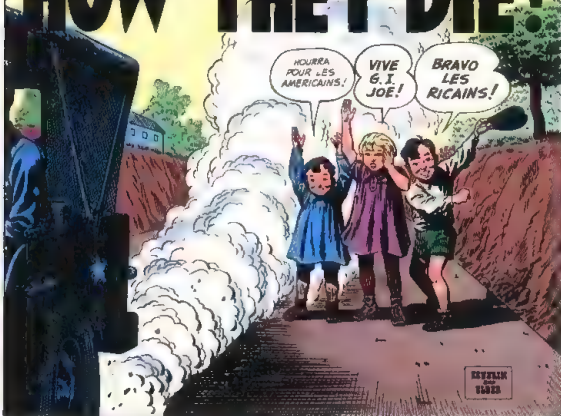
THE MACHINE GUN ONLY WOUNDED HIM,
AND HE WAS THEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD
WITH ALL THE OTHER GROANING WOUNDED

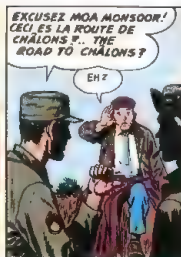
I HEARD THAT THE MAN WHO GAVE HIM
THE COUP DE GRACE . THE FATAL
SHOT WAS HIS BUDDY **HABE JOE!!**



A JEEP IS BUZZING ALONG A ROAD IN FRANCE! THE JEEP IS THE FORERUNNER OF AN ARMY CONVOY THAT WILL SOON ROLL INTO SIGHT! THE TIME IS THE PRESENT, THE COUNTRYSIDE IS PEACEFUL. FOR THIS STORY SHALL CONCERN ITSELF LESS WITH WAR AND MORE WITH SOLDIERS AND...

HOW THEY DIE!





AMMM PAR LA MEMOIRE DE MES
ANCETRES .. C'EST INCROYABLE
LOOK AT THESE WAR MACHINES!
THEY ARE EACH BIG AS
A BARN!



AMM... PAR MES PAUVRES OS
FATIGUES PAR LA GUERRE! LOOK
AT THOSE TANKS WITH CANNONS
LONG AS THE TELEPHONE
POLES!



ECOUTEZ JUST LISTEN TO THEM
RUMBLE OVER THE ROAD! AH
IT IS NOT THE FIRST TIME AN
ARMY HAS TRAVELED THE
ROAD TO CHALONS!



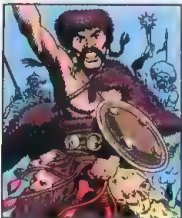
TODAY IT IS
THE RUMBLE OF RUBBER
TIRES AND CATERPILLAR
TREADS ON THE ROAD TO
CHALONS YESTERDAY,
IT WAS THE THUNDER OF
A THOUSAND HORSES' HOOFES
MONGOLIAN PONIES RIDING
ACROSS FRANCE
RIDING BEHIND...



AMMM EA C'EST PASSE COMME EA ON
THIS VERY ROAD, A THOUSAND AND A HALF
YEARS AGO CAME THE BARBARIAN HUNS.

THE HUNS RINGS IN THEIR EARS
BRAIDED MUSTACHIOS AND PIG TAILS
AND HEADS HANGING FROM THEIR BELTS.

THE HUNS ROLLED OUT OF ASIA LIKE
A TIDE AND AT CHALONS ON THE
MARNE FACING ATTILA WERE THE ROMANS!



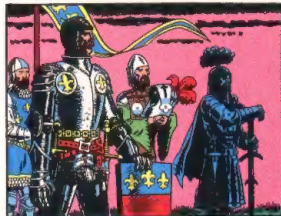
AH... WHAT A BLACK DAY WHEN THE HUNS MET THE ROMANS!



AND WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER, THE DISCIPLINED ROMAN ARMY, RESPLENDENT IN THEIR ARMOR, STOOD AMIDST THE BODIES OF DEAD HUNS... VICTORIOUS!



NEARLY 1,000 YEARS LATER, IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, WAR STILL PLAGUED FRANCE! FIRST THE HUNS FROM THE EAST, THEN THE BRITISH FROM THE WEST, AND MEN **STILL** WORE ARMOR!



MUCH Fancier armor than the Romans, and much heavier! Indeed... a knight had to be hoisted on his saddle! So, the French fought the British in the 100 years' war!

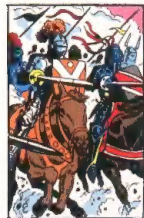


AND TIME AFTER TIME, THE FRENCH CHARGED DOWN ON THE BRITISH IN THEIR FANCY ARMOR!

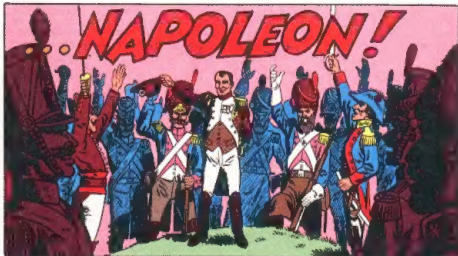
AND TIME AFTER TIME, A BRITISH LONG ARROW WOULD SPLIT THE FANCY ARMOR!

FOR WEAPONS WERE CHANG-
ING! THIS WAS THE DAY OF THE POWERFUL LONGBOW!

THIS WAS THE DAY OF THE DREADFUL CROSSBOW! AND THEN SOMEONE INVENTED A **CANNON!**



AH, YES! MEN
 LEARNED ABOUT
 GUNPOWDER! BUT
 WHAT DID IT
 MATTER? A WAR
 WAS NOT WON WITH
 GUNPOWDER! IT
 WAS STILL THE MAN
 ON FOOT...THE MAN
 ON THE HORSE WITH
 THE SABRE! OR AT
 LEAST THAT IS THE
 WAY IT WAS WHEN
 FRANCE WAS BLESSED
 AND CURSED WITH
 THE BROODING
 LITTLE MAN FROM
 CORSICA ...

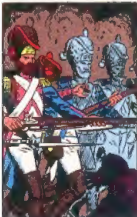


SAYS DOUBT. HIS REIGN OF
 BLOOD SAW SOLDIERS IN
 THEIR ABSOLUTE GLORY!

THE DISCIPLINED FRENCH GUARD
 IN THEIR GLORIOUS BEARSKIN
 CAPS! THE MOUNTED DRAGOONS...

...IN THEIR LONG SHINY BOOTS
 AND SILT HELMETS! THE HUSSARS
 IN POWDEROUS BRAIDED HATS...

AND THE ARMORED CURASSIERS,
 WHEELING AS ONE AND
 CHARGING ON A WORD!



BUT ON THE ROAD FROM MOSCOW, THE SILT
 TARNISHED...THE BIG HATS WERE DISCARDED FOR
 TATTERED BLANKETS! GLORY FROZE IN THE SNOW...



BUT SOME FOOLISHLY IGNORED THE MACHINES...LIKE
 THE GRADUATES OF SAINT CYR MILITARY ACADEMY,
 WHO SWORE TO GO INTO BATTLE IN FULL DRESS...



C'ETAIT COMME
 CA ... MOSCOW,
 THEN WATERLOO,
 AND NAPOLEON
 BONAPARTE
 WAS FINISHED!
 AND GUNPOWDER
 AND THE BALL-
 BEARING MACHINE
 WERE QUICKLY
 RISING TO
 POWER! THE
 MACHINE,
 GROWING TO
 A SIZE THAT
 BLOTED OUT
 THE GLORY OF
 THE MAN, AND
 THE UNIFORM!



THE FIRST WORLD WAR! QUELLE CALAMITE! AND THE FOOLISHLY HEROIC STUDENTS OF ST. CYR, IN 1914, MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THEIR TROOPS... MARCHED LOOKING FOR REVENGE... MARCHED IN PLUMED CAPS, WHITE GLOVES, BLUE JACKETS, RED PANTS... MARCHED WAVING **SABRES** AT THE BOCHE!



BUT THE PLUME ON THE CAP WAS NO MATCH FOR THE GERMAN MAUSER RIFLE...

...AND MANY A POWDER BLUE COAT LAY ON THE FIELDS IN BELGIUM, STAINED RED!

THE WHITE GLOVES AND SABRE WERE NO MATCH FOR THE REPEATING LUGER PISTOL!

AND THE BATTLEFIELDS BEFORE THE MARINE WERE DOTTED WITH THE CORPSES OF ST. CYR!



QUEL MALHEUR! THE STUDENTS MIGHT HAVE BETTER WALKED ON THE FIELD WITH A TARGET ON THEIR CHESTS FOR THE GERMAN MAXIM GUNS TO FIRE AT...

FOR THAT WAS WHAT THESE GAUDY UNIFORMS WERE! **TARGETS!** AND ONE SUCH FOOLISHLY UNIFORMED OFFICER HAD HIS LEG BLOWN OFF BY A GERMAN MACHINE GUN!





QUEL MALHEUR! QUEL MALHEUR! SO MUCH DEATH!
SO MUCH VIOLENCE ON THIS VERY GROUND!
WHY HAS IT ALL COME? WHAT IS IT FOR?



AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO
THE GLORY OF WAR? WHERE
ARE THE UNIFORMS, THE
BANNERS, THE GOLD
BRAID? LOOK AT THE
AMERICAN SOLDIERS!



THEY ARE DRESSED LIKE RAIL-
ROAD MECHANICS! LIKE FARMERS!
SERVANTS OF THE MACHINE! FOR
THE BRAID WOULD GET GREASY
FROM THE MACHINE!



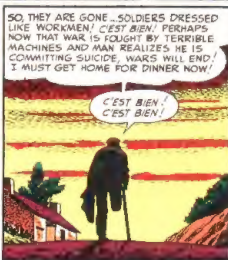
THAT'S THE LAST VEHICLE
IN THE CONVOY, KELLY!
LET'S GET ROLLING!



LOOK AT THAT
OLD BIRD SITTING
THERE, TALKIN'
TO HIMSELF!

BET HE HASN'T
MOVED FROM
THAT SPOT IN
SEVENTY YEARS!

HEY! SO
LONG, POP!



SO, THEY ARE GONE...SOLDIERS DRESSED
LIKE WORKMEN! C'EST BIEN! PERHAPS
NOW THAT WAR IS FOUGHT BY TERRIBLE
MACHINES AND MAN REALIZES HE IS
COMMITTING SUICIDE, WARS WILL END!
I MUST GET HOME FOR DINNER NOW!

C'EST BIEN!
C'EST BIEN!

THE END

OF ANOTHER ISSUE
OF **FRONTLINE
COMBAT!**
WE HOPE YOU
ENJOYED IT!
YOUR LETTERS
HAVE BEEN OF
GREAT HELP TO
US IN PRINTING
OUR STORIES...
SO PLEASE KEEP
THEM COMING!

WRITE TO:
THE EDITOR'S
FRONTLINE COMBAT
CIRCULATION
BOX 489
WEST PLAINS MO 65778